

No. 286

Sixpence.

THE NEW
BRITISH THEATRE.

(LATE DUNCOMBS.)

Miss Clara
St. Clair
W. J. Lacy
HARRIS GARDNER.

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THE NEW BRITISH THEATRE.

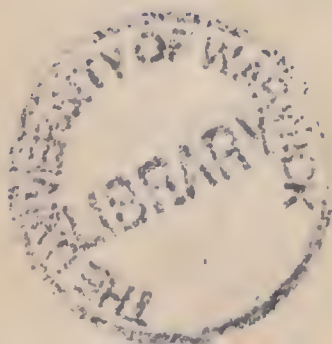
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The King's Gardener.

GALDOCHARD Twine round me, and let us live and die together! (*They embrace*)

Act I. Scene last

THE KING'S GARDENER :

OR,

NIPPED IN THE BUD !

A B U R L E T T A,

IN

One Act.

BY CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN,

Author of Captain Stevens, The Married Rake, The Unfinished Gentleman, Catching an Heiress, Boots at the Swan, The New Footman, The Guardian Sylph, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET,

STRAND,

LONDON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Ferdinand Benserade, a Poet</i>	Mr. G. Cooke
<i>Chevalier de Bussy, Captain of the King's</i>	
<i>Guard</i>	Mr. Binge
<i>Galochard, a Gardener</i>	Mr. W. J. Hammond
<i>Flicflac, a Valet</i>	Mr. Burton, Jun.
<i>Madame Galochard, the Gardener's Wife</i> ..	Mrs. Waylett
<i>Suzette</i> }	<i>Servants to Madame</i> { Mrs. Melville
<i>Nanette</i> .. }	<i>Galochard.</i> { Miss Reynolds
<i>Louise de la Valliere</i>	Miss Harrington

Scene—Fontainebleau in 1661.

First produced at the Strand Theatre. April 1st, 1839. by Mr.
Charles Selby, Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.
Time of Representation 50 minutes.

COSTUME.

- Benserade**—Brown jerkin and full breeches, trimmed with black velvet, black velvet cloak, brown silk stockings, black shoes and rosettes, brown broad brimmed hat, with black velvet band and feather. Charles the Second wig.
- De Bussy**—White tunic coat, richly embroidered with gold lace, and faced with scarlet, scarlet full breeches with lace frills round the knees, broad gold lace sword belt, russet boots with large tops trimmed with lace, gold spurs, black velvet hat and white feathers, Charles the Second's wig.
- Galochard**—Plain white coat with large buttons, flowered waistcoat, orange full breeches, green apron, long red wig, small white hat.
- Flicflac**—Light blue jacket and full breeches trimmed with silver lace, white silk stockings, shoes and rosettes.
- Madame Galochard**—Pink and white striped petticoat, green apron with pockets, French cap.
- Louise de la Valliere**—Blue silk petticoat, black apron straw hat, with blue ribbons.
- Nanette and Suzette**—Coloured petticoats, jackets, and French caps.

Alma St. Catherine

THE KING'S GARDENER.

SCENE, which remains during the piece.—The Court Yard of a Farm. Gates, C. A Garden or Park at the back. A Summer House, 2 E. R. H. House, 1 E. L. H. Near the Door a Bench A Staircase leading to a Granary, 2 E. L. H. A Green Bank, 1 E. R. H.

As Curtain rises enter CHEVALIER DE BUSSY, centre gates.

Bus. The gardener's cottage at the north end of the park. This must be the spot. [*Goes to gate, calling*] Hist, hist! Benserade, Benserade,—plague on him, he has taken a wrong turning. [*Advancing.*] No matter, I will proceed without him. [*Looking at cottage. L. H.*] This, then, is the place to which my heart's bright idol, Louise de Valliere, has flown from the licentious persecution of the king. Dear Louise, my childhood's choice, my manhood's hope and pride. I will not resign thee without a struggle. No, no, thou must—thou shalt be mine.

SONG. "The sun his bright rays."

Enter BENSERADE through centre gates.

Ben. Well, Chevalier, have you discovered the fugitive's retreat?

Bus. I hope so—in that cottage. [*Pointing L. H.*]

Ben. You must be mistaken, 'tis too near the Palace: be assured she has gone farther afield.

Bus. No, I am convinced she has taken shelter here.

Ben. Then we will enquire. Madame Galochard, the gardener's wife is an old sweetheart of mine, and I think I can prevail on her to speak the truth. [*Going to house.*] Now, prepare to be captivated—the Jardiniere is a rustic divinity. [*Knocks.*] Anybody at home? Madame! Madame Galochard!

—Mad. G. (*Answers within.*) Who calls? wait a moment.

Ben. Here she is—now take care of your heart.

—Mad. G. (*Entering from house.*) Now, then, here I am. Who— [*Seeing Benserade and De Bussy.*] Gentlemen, your servant. Ah, Monsieur Benserade!

Ben At your service, divine Madame Galochard : permit your devoted admirer, and most respectful friend to kiss your fair hand. [*Introducing De Bussy.*] The Chevalier de Bussy, captain in his majesty's guard.

—*Mad. G.* Your servant, chevalier. [*Curtseys.*]

Bus Permit me also, lovely Jardiniere, to have the felicity of shewing my respect. [*Kisses her hand*] You are a rural Venus.

—*Mad. G.* (*Aside.*) Oh, sir, you make me blush, I don't deserve such compliments, I don't understand them,—you officers have such a way of saying things [*Aside.*] What a handsome man, and what a beautiful uniform! Can I have the honour of offering you any refreshment, gentlemen? some fruit, some cream, some —

Bus. Nothing, fair Flora, my friend has done me the favour of introducing me to you, that I might a— a— [*Hesitating.*]

—*Mad. G.* Yes, sir.

Bus. That I might a—a—a—

—*Mad. G.* Yes, sir, pray go on. That you might—

Bus. Yes, precisely, that I might—

—*Mad. G.* (*Aside*) What does he mean? what is he afraid of?

Ben. The fact is, my dear Louise, my military friend (for the first time in his life I will do him the credit to believe,) is modest and bashful; his business with you is of a confidential nature. The poor devil is desperately in love,

—*Mad. G.* (*Slightly starting and looking earnestly at De Bussy.*) Dear me, how strange. [*Aside.*] I don't remember ever to have seen him before.

Ben. The object of his affection is young and beautiful.

—*Mad. G.* Oh, Monsieur Benserade! oh, Chevalier!

Ben. And holds a distinguished place at court.

—*Mad. G.* (*Suddenly becoming serious.*) Oh, indeed. (*Aside.*) I thought I had captivated him. Go on.

Ben. Two days ago this lady suddenly left the palace and has not since returned. Now we have reason to believe that she is concealed here in your house.

—*Mad. G.* Dear me, what an odd notion!

Bus. Pray do not trifle with us. Our suspicions are well-founded?

—*Mad. G.* Why, I don't know [*Aside to Ben.*] Shall I be candid?

Ben. Yes, yes.

Bus. (*Impatiently*) Well, well, she is here—

—*Mad. G.* No—that is—yes—I mean no. There is a person here, but she is not a lady of the court.

Bus. Indeed! What is she then?

Mad. G. A poor peasant girl from Orleans going to Paris to seek a service—I gave her shelter out of charity.

Bus. (*Aside to Ben.*) 'Tis she, be assured, disguised. [*To Mad. G.*] Let me see her.

Mad. G. No, no, she's too ill to be disturbed by strangers, she is not the person you are seeking.

Bus. I'm not sure of that. Take me to her.

Mad. G. No, no, no. [*Takes key out of summer house door.*] She is not your lady, I'm certain. Go away, you tiresome man, and don't annoy me any more. [*Bugles sound.*] *ZZ Bugles*

Ben. (*To Bus.*) Hark! there's the king returning from the hunt, our duty calls us to the palace, we must take another opportunity to unravel this mystery. Adieu! madame.

Bus. We must. [*Bugles sound again.*] Zounds! I shall be too late to turn out the guard. Adieu, madame, adieu!

[*Exeunt centre gates.*]

Mad. G. Well, of all the inquisitive people,—talk of women being curious, these court gallants would out question a village of old maids; yet I like Benserade, for he's a poet and writes such pretty songs. Ye twinkling stars, why do I love thee? when wilt thou meet me? I've a great mind to sing one.

SONG.

The Words by J. Halford, Esq. Music by Alexander Lee.

When wilt thou meet me, love, tell me, I pray,
When we fondly together unheeded may stay?
Where none but the zephyrs our fond vows may hear,
And the sweet woodland choir softly falls on the ear.
Wilt thou meet me at noon by the rippling stream,
When the sun o'er the waters doth pour his bright beam—
And bask on its banks, 'mid the wild fragrant flowers,
Which blossom unheeded by all eyes save ours.
When, when wilt, &c.

Wilt thou meet me at eve when the daylight doth fade,
In the low forest glen, or the opening glade—
When the sky is all studded with stars brightly gleaming,
And the moon in her zenith unclouded is beaming.

When wilt, &c.

Re enter BENSERADE, C.

Ben. I've got rid of my inquisitive friend, and have returned to say that his suspicion was correct. Your supposed peasant is I's lady love.

Mad. G. Psha! impossible!

Ben. I'm certain 'tis mademoiselle—Can you keep a secret?

Mad. G. To be sure, I'm famous for it, my discretion is wonderful. What were you going to say?

Ben. That peasant is no less a personage than mademoiselle. Now are you sure you will not say a word to any one?

—*Mad. G.* Quite sure. Go on, go on.

Ben. Well, that peasant is—prepare to be astonished.

—*Mad. G.* Yes, yes, I'm quite collected, go on. She is—

Ben. Mademoiselle,—has she black or blue eyes?

—*Mad. G.* Blue, blue, blue! don't keep me in suspense. [*Rapidly.*] Blue eyes, light hair, a mark on her right cheek, a mincing walk, and a—[*Stops suddenly.*]*—*Oh, dear, I've made a fool of myself! She's quite a different person. I don't know anything about her.

Ben. (*Laughing.*) Of course not. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Louise de la Valliere, without doubt. Much obliged, Madame. Blue eyes, light hair, a mark on the right cheek. Your discretion is wonderful,—ha, ha, ha!

—*Mad.* Was there ever such a provoking wretch! you shouldn't tantalize one so : secrets are such fascinating things there's no resisting them. What's the lady's name? you must tell me.

Ben. Some other time, I have particular reasons for concealing it at present.

—*Mad. G.* What reasons? are you in love with her?

Ben. No, no, I love no one but you, divine little Galochard.

[*Attempts to kiss her.*]

—*Mad. G.* Be quiet, I'll call my husband.

Ben. You will not be so cruel?

—*Mad. G.* I will. (*Struggling.*) What's the lady's name?

Ben. (*Kissing her.*) Mademoiselle!—I'll tell you to-morrow—ha, ha! [*Madame beats him.*] Oh, murder!

—*Mad. G.* You disagreeable aggravating monster! I'll never forgive you!

Ben. Oh, yes, yes, you will. [*Bugles sound without.*] There's the king!

Mad. G. (*Running up to gates.*) Oh, what a dear good-looking fellow! Oh, good gracious, he stops his horse! he beckons to me! [*Curtseying.*] Oh, your majesty, he wants to speak to me! there's an honour! Coming, your majesty, coming! Good bye, Monsieur Benserade, I'm in such a hurry—you've ruined my cap. Coming, your majesty, coming! [*Runs off centre gates.*]

Ben. What a fortunate discovery! Thanks to that love-sick fool, De Bussy, I have found the royal favourite's retreat. The lovely object of the king's affection, Louise de la Valliere, is there—[*Pointing to summer house*]*—*and I, Ferdinand Benserade, am the only person in possession of the charm that can

restore the disconsolate monarch to happiness! Chaste Nine, adieu! I have found a short cut to fortune—no longer a poor poet, I shall be a governor, an ambassador, or at least a minister! Now to gain an audience with the king and overwhelm him with my joyful intelligence. De la Valliere is found! De la Valliere is found!

[Exit centre gates.]

Enter SUZETTE, down stairs, followed by GALOCHARD.

Suz. Now be quiet, Monsieur Galochard!

Gal. I won't!

Suz. You shall!

Gal. Psha! don't be a fool! I see a flower on your cheek, and I must gather it. [Tries to kiss her.]

Suz. Stuff and nonsense—be quiet!

Gal. Two flowers—a lily and a rose. [Kisses her.]

Suz. Have done, do! I'll tell your wife. [Runs off c.—Nanette enters U. E. R. H. Galochard, mistaking her for Suzette, catches her in his arms]

Gal. I don't care! Ah, Nanette! dow do you do? [Aside.] She's prettier than the other! Nanette, I see a flower on your cheek—I must gather it. [Trying to kiss her.]

Nan. Psha! you told me that yesterday.

Gal. Never mind, it's all the same—I must—I will! [Trying to kiss her—Madame Galochard enters and puts her head over Nanette's shoulder.]

Nan. Oh my! [Runs off c.]

—Mad. G. So, Monsieur Galochard, I've caught you again! This is the second time to-day. I must have you locked up!

Gal. Locked up! Ha, ha, ha!

—Mad. G. Yes, sir. Is this the way you attend to his Majesty's gardens? Don't expect promotion—you don't deserve it. You are an idle, faithless villain, and I hate you!

Gal. Now, my pretty sweet briar, don't be foolish.

—Mad. G. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir!

Gal. I am, my daffy-down-dilly, I am!

—Mad. G. To insult me in this shameful manner! What will the neighbours say? Your conduct is infamous!

Gal. So it is, my tulip—so it is.

—Mad. G. I am young and handsome—

Gal. You are, my sweet pea—you are!

—Mad. G. Good tempered, gentle, and affectionate—

Gal. Very, my heart's ease—very!

—Mad. G. Yet you make love to every woman you meet.

Gal. I can't help it, my cowslip—I can't, indeed!

—Mad. G. Very well, sir! What would you say if I were to

[Follow your example, and flirt with the men! I don't want opportunities, sir—no, no, I have plenty of admirers. There's handsome Robert the Miller—Francois Jolicœur, the Game-keeper—Hebri le Beau, the Carpenter—Vincent, the Notary—Monsieur Benserade, the Poet—the Chevalier de Bussy, and all the officers of the King's Guard—aye, and even the king himself! There, sir—what do you think of that? The king, sir—the king! I'm not to be slighted! I'm not to be made a fool!]

Gal. (*Yawning and arranging his neckcloth.*) No, my capsicum—no!

—*Mad. G.* A husband who neglects his wife, deserves to be punished.

Gal. Yes, my artichoke. [*Yawning.*] You are perfectly right, my rhubarb—perfectly!

—*Mad. G.* Do you understand what I am saying, sir?

Gal. Perfectly, my honeysuckle—perfectly. Your conversation reminds me of the discourses of that *well* of science, the Abbe Bossuet—his tongue is so loosely hung in his mouth, that it goes nineteen to the dozen.

—*Mad. G.* Very well, sir—very well!

Gal. And your voice is singularly like his—particularly in the *upper notes*.

—*Mad. G.* Insult upon insult! Take care, sir—take care!

Gal. Now don't put yourself in a passion, my sun flower! I can't bear to be lectured. Now don't overheat the flues—you'll break the glass, and do yourself a mischief.

—*Mad. G.* You are an unfeeling wretch to use me so! What a fool I was to marry such a—a—a—I'll—I'll—I'll—[*Crying.*] Provoking villain! [*Beats him*] How dare you be so unkind? [*Coaxing.*] Now don't do so any more, there's a dear good boy!

Gal. No, no—I won't! [*Aside.*] First she knocks me down, and then she smooths me down! I'll behave like a man, and make a desperate resistance! I won't be treated like a spaniel pug! [*Aloud, with dignity*] Good morning, Madame Galochard—good morning! I'm not a cucumber—I won't be forced! [*Walks up stairs with dignity and exit.*]

—*Mad. G.* This is too much! The ugly monster! I'll make him pay dearly for it! [*Looks round.*] Now while the coast is clear, I'll take the opportunity of saying a few words to my mysterious guest, the Orleans peasant. [*Knocks at the summer house door.*] Ma'amselle! Ma'amselle!

La Valliere. (*Within.*) Who calls! Madame Galochard?

—*Mad. G.* Yes, yes—all's safe. You may come out. I've something particular to say to you.

La Val. Something particular? you alarm me. [*Entering.*] What has happened?

Mad. G. I have had a visit from two court gentlemen—Mon-sieur Benserade, and the Chevalier de Bussy

La Val. Alas! then I am discovered!

Mad. G. (*Aside.*) There's no doubt she's the identical mam'selle, whose name I am dying to know. Now I'll have it! [*Aloud.*] Yes, yes—you're found out—they told me all about you. You are—[*Insinuating she knows.*]—mam'selle—

La Val. (*Half interrupting her.*) Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake, do not mention my name! Forget you ever heard it!

Mad. G. (*Aside.*) Another disappointment! my curiosity will never be gratified! [*Aloud.*] You may depend upon me—I'll never breathe a syllable—[*Aside.*]—I wish I could!

La Val. My retreat is known!

Mad. G. I fear it is!

La Val. Then I must depart. Give me shelter till the evening. I will reward you handsomely if you will procure me a carriage, and mislead every one who may wish to pursue me.

Mad. G. Rely upon me. I pity your distress, and although I am ignorant of your name and quality, I will serve you to the utmost of my power.

La Val. Thanks, kind jardiniere. Have the carriage in readiness, and I will depart soon as I hear the evening bells.

DUETT.

Music composed by Alexander Lee, and sold by Messrs. Cramer, Addison and Beale, Regent Street.

Come away, the evening bells are ringing
Sweetly, 'tis the vesper hour—
Come away, nightingales are singing,
From their myrtle bower.
Brightly now the moon is beaming—
Prying eyes, that surprise, in the day are dreaming.
Beautiful rivulets rushing from the mountains,
Murmuring as they onward glide—
Silver streams, gushing from the fountains,
Flowing on, to the distant tide.

Harmony, on the wind is stealing,
Stealing o'er the silent tide—
Melody, o'er the waters pealing,
Melody, on the air doth ride.
Gently, summer breezes blowing,
Softly, silver rivers flowing—
Gondoliers now their hymns are singing,
As they glide o'er the silent tide—

Melody, through the woodlands ringing,
Melody, on the air doth ride.

(4)

[Exit La Val, into summer house.]

—*Mad. G.* Poor thing! No doubt she has her troubles like other people, but I'm sure they can't be compared with mine. She doesn't look as if she'd a neglectful wretch of a husband to tease and torment her!

Enter FLICFLAC, through Gates.

—*Ha!* one of the king's footmen!

Flic. (*Looking round mysteriously, and speaking in a whisper.*) Are you Madame Galochard?

—*Mad. G.* Yes. What's your business?

Flic. I have a letter from his majesty.

—*Mad. G.* Eh, good gracious! [*Galochard appears at window.*]

Gal. A royal footman!

Flic. There—take care of it, and be cautious. [*Gives letter, and exit c. Gates.*]

Gal. Eh! what's that? he gave her a letter clandestinely.]

—*Mad. G.* A letter from his majesty! Oh, goodness gracious! what *can* he have to write to me about? I declare I'm all over in a twitter! I'm afraid to break the seal! [*Peeps into letter and turns it about.*]

Gal. How she twiddles and twists it about! I don't half like this. I must see that letter. [*Retires.*]

—*Mad. G.* (*Opens Letter and reads.*) 'Idol of my soul—my dearest Louise!' Oh, my! 'I adore you!' Oh, lor! I'm going to faint! 'Why hide in a cottage charms which were created for the admiration of a court?' Oh, goodness gracious, I shall faint! I know I shall! my head's going all wiggle waggle!

Gal. (*Coming down staircase.*) Now for it! Eh! what's the matter? she's taken ill! Louise, my love, what's the matter?

—*Mad. G.* (*Hastily concealing the Letter in the pocket of her apron and assuming a haughty tone.*) So sir—you are come back

Gal. Yes, my buttercup! What's the matter? You look quite I don't-know-how-ish!

—*Mad. G.* (*With great dignity.*) Leave me—leave me, sir. I wish to be alone!

Gal. (*Struck with the alteration in her manner*) Eh? surely—no—yes—[*Alarmed.*] Oh, dear! let me take down my shutters, and let in the light! 'I don't want for opportunities—I have plenty of admirers—[*Counting on his fingers.*—Handsome Robert, Francois, Henri, Vincent, Monsieur Benserade, and all

the officers of the King's Guard !' Oh, dear ! I'm afraid it's all over with me ! That letter's a billet doux. [*Loudly.*] Madame Galochard !

— *Mad. G.* Eh ! What's the matter ?

Gal. What business had the King's footman with you just now ?

— *Mad. G.* How dare you presume to ask me any questions ? Retire, little man—retire !

Gal. (Astonished.) Eh' ho ! hah ! Little man, retire ! Oh, dear ! Do you know that retire means 'get out ?'

— *Mad. G.* Yes, sir—leave me ! I'm tired of your folly—leave me—leave me !

Gal. (Paralyzed with astonishment.) L-e-a-v-e you ! Oh, ho ! hah ! I don't understand this—I—I—you—you—we—I—no—yes—that's it—I am—and you know it !

— *Mad. G.* What on earth has come to him ? Give over these airs, sir, or I'll—I'll—

Gal. What, Madame Galochard—what ?

— *Mad. G.* Get a divorce, and have you locked up in the Bastile !

Gal. I'm a boiled parsnip ! The Bastile ! divorce ! Louise ! Ayn't you ashamed of yourself ? Ayn't you—ha ! oh ! ho ! ha ! [*Crying*] Oh !

— *Mad. G.* Have done with this folly, sir !

Gal. I am, I know I am ! If I could but see that letter I should be sure. I know what I'll do. [*Advancing.*] Louise ! I'm very sorry—I am, indeed ! I won't neglect you any more ! I won't, I won't ! let's put an end to this joke, and make it up ! I see a flower upon your cheek, and I must gather it. [*Trying to kiss her—she pushes him away*]

— *Mad. G. (Struggling.)* No sir ! be quiet ! I hate you !

Gal. One—only one ! [*Kisses her, and at the same time steals letter from her apron pocket.*] I've got ! I've got it !

— *Mad. G. (Arranging her cap.)* You are a rude monster !

Gal. Yes, my snowdrop—yes. [*Aside.*] I've got it !

— *Mad. G. (Aside.)* I'll go into the house, and finish the letter. Good bye, Galochard—good bye ! [*Exit into house.*]

Gal. Good bye, good bye—I've got it, I've got it ! [*Sits on bank.*] Now for a dig at the roots of my feelings. What a scrawl ! all ups and downs, and twirl'em and twist'em, like a spider's legs. [*Reading with difficulty.*] Let's see, which is the right side—this ? No, this ; they should draw a hand, and make it point to the beginning, as they do to the tee'h advertisements. I—yes, that's great I. I, D, O, L : idol O, F, of M, G,—eh ?

M. G—what's that? [*Looking closer at letter*] Oh, it's Y!—Why don't you learn to write, you fool? Would anybody ever take that for a Y? 'Idol of my soul!' S, O, U, L—soul. 'Idol of my soul'—yes, that's it. 'Idol of my soul'—M, G—[*Holding up letter.*] No, it's Y again. My D, E, A, R, E, S, T—dearest L, O, U, I, S, E—'My carest Louise!' Eh? oh, ho!—ha, hah! [*Striking his head and stomach.*] There's a way to write to a man's wife! Ho, ho! ha, hah! [*Crying*]

Enter BENSERADE, C. gates.

Ben. I must see Madame Galochard, and—oh, the husband! He seems perplexed and uncomfortable. [*Remains up*]

Gal. Oh! for a steam dictionary to make out these diabolical words! Why wasn't I sent to school when I was a *babby*, and taught to read writing hand? [*Reading*] I, great I, again—I know him by the sprouts at his top. Now here's one I can't make out. I must skip it. 'D, O'—what's this with the shoots on both sides? 'R' yes—'R, E' dore. Why that's door! 'I door G'—[*Holding up letter.*] No, it's that damned Y again! 'Y, O, U—you. I door you!' What's that?—oh, A's the skip. 'I adore you!' that's it—he adores my wife! [*Crying and advancing to front*] I'm a very ill used gardener! [*Striking letter with his fist*] You villain! I'll knock your head off!—What business [*Crying.*] has any man to transplant my wife's affections, and root up my *connuberal* felicity? I'm like a head of asparagus, cut off in my prime! [*Furiously*] I won't stand it!—he sha'n't adore her! I won't let him—she's my wife! [*Crying.*] I took her for better for worse—she hasn't deceived me—she's a great deal more *better* than worse, and I'm a rascal! [*Hitting his head*] I have deserved this—but, I love her! I adore her!—yes, I do. [*Striking the letter.*] Do you hear that sir? I adore her—you sha'n't! You sha'n't! [*Tearing the letter in half, and stamping on it*]

Ben. (*Advancing.*) What's the matter, gardener?—what's the matter?

Gal. Eh? oh! Monsieur Benserade! [*Taking up letter.*] I'll make him my friend—I'll unbosom all my woes, and make him weep like a watering pot! Monsieur Benserade, I'm going to ask you a very delicate question. Can you read writing hand?

Ben. I believe so—what then?

Gal. Never you mind—I'm going to unfold a tale which will harrow up your senses like an iron rake walking through a bed of spring onions! You are a poet, and I am a gardener—that's natural. There are different sorts of men, the same as there are different sorts of vegetables. Some's useful, and some's

only ornamental. Well, like them we have our feelings—prune us, or transplant us in the wrong season, we shed our leaves—our sap dries up, we wither, and we die ! [*Crying.*]

Ben. Well, well, don't cry—come to the point.

Gal. I will—[*Putting his handkerchief in his pocket*]—the shower has done me good. When we gardeners want to improve a tree we graft it with a young branch from another—that is, we fasten the two together, and in due time they become one. Well, I'm grafted—my wife and I are *one* ; we are *synonymous* vegetables ; if any person meddles with her, they meddles with me. Well, then, look here. [*Shows letter*] A rascally villain sends her this by the king's footman—I ayn't on speaking terms with grammar and writing hand, but I've picked out enough to know that she's his ' soul's idol,' and ' he adores her.' Here, read, Monsieur Benserade—read it *pro bono publico* ; and don't mind cutting off my head, and tearing up my heart by the roots. [*Gives letter.*]

Ben. (*Looking over letter.*) What is this ?

Gal. Ah, what indeed ? A blight in all my blossoms !—a slug in my summer cabbages !

Ben. (*Reading.*) ' Idol of my soul !'

Gal. (*Striking his head and stomach alternately.*) I know that—go on. Never mind my congratulations—go on.

Ben. (*Reading.*) ' Dearest Louise, I adore you !'

Gal. I know that—I know that—I'm ' nipped in the bud ;' go on—go on : skip the hard words if you don't know them.—Who is it from ?—what's the blackguard's name ?

Ben. The king ! [*Looking at the bottom of letter.*]

Gal. (*With a sudden shout of horror.*) The king ! [*Takes off his hat.*] Oh, oh ! ha, ha ! [*Crying.*] Oh, I'm going to swoon ! [*His knees knock together—he seems quite overcome, and leans against Benserade.*] I'm dug up like a new new potatoe, and cut down like mustard and cress ! [*Furiously.*] The king's a —[*Suddenly checking himself.*] No, no—that's treason ! I am—yes, yes, that's true. Gracious goodness !—oh, dear ! [*Furiously.*] Thunder and lightning ! Death, and the old gentleman down there, and Tommy ! [*Crying.*] Oh !

Ben. (*Putting the letter in his pocket*) 'Tis for La Valliere ; I must take care of this, and deliver it myself.

Gal. (*Seizing Benserade by the arm violently*) Monsieur Benserade ! [*Suddenly changing to a piteous tone.*] Monsieur Benserade, isn't mine a hard case ?—isn't it excruciating—isn't it— isn't it ? Damme, I won't mince the matter ! [*Furiously*] Isn't it—very—particularly—infernally—a—a—[*Lowering his*

voice.] You know what I mean. [*Flourishing his hand, and speaking furiously*] That's my decided opinion, and I don't care who knows it; and—[*Taking Benserade by the arm, and whispering.*] between ourselves—Mind, in strict confidence—he's, he's no gentleman!

Ben. I perfectly agree with you. (*Aside.*) Poor Galochard! his loyalty is quite praiseworthy!

Gal. Think how it will read in history, Madame Galochard and Louis the Fourteenth. But what will they say of me? What a nice figure I shall cut! Monsieur Galochard, gardener at Fontainebleau, husband of Madame Galochard, and—[*Crying*] oh!

Ben. Psha! don't make yourself miserable.

Gal. Of course, I shall be smother'd with titles—he'll make me a count, or a baron, or his valet de chambre at the very least.

Enter NANETTE, c. gates.

Nanette. Oh, Monsieur Golochard! such good news! [*Out of breath*] The king '—

Gal. (*To Benserade.*) Aye—oh, dear! Well, well!

Nan. His majesty has promoted you.

Gal. I said so—I said so! [*Folding his arms and walking in the front of stage.*] I knew how it would be! places, titles, orders and pensions will pour in on me by wholesale.

Ben. (*Aside.*) I see my recommendation has been attended to.

Gal. I cannot fight with destiny. I'll bear my woes with exotic fortitude, and evergreen indifference. To what place am I appointed? What's my title? [*To Nanette.*]

Nan. Head nursery man!

Gal. (*Starting*) Eh? [*Faintly.*] What a shameful joke for a king! Head nursery man! [*Stamping with rage, then calmly.*] Well, well, I'm resigned! [*Furiously*] No, no—I'm quite the reverse. Nanette, go to your work. [*Exit Nanette, c. gates.*] Leave me, Monsieur Benserade—leave me, my feelings require nourishment—I've been too much forced; leave me to hoe up my thoughts, and medicate my vengeance! [*Exit Benserade, c. gates—Galochard walks too and frowns with arms crossed, and speaks in a sepulchral tone.*] Head nursery man! spades of my grandfathers! am I to suffer this indignity? [*Firmly.*] No, no.—How avoid it? Ah there's the ticklish point. Shall I kick up a row, and treat him like a walnut tree? [*Shaking his fist.*] No, no—that would be high treason, I should be—[*Striking the back of his neck.*] No, no, that's too dangerous—I won't die like a cauliflower. Suppose I resign, and transplant myself to some unfound land where king's ayn't cultivated, and liberty ayn't run to seed; but then, my wife—[*Beating his head.*] my

Louise—my beautiful Louise! my sweet honey suckle! she's twist ed round my heart; if I unloose the tendrils I shall die—I shall die! [*Weeps.*]

SONG—GALOCHARD. Air—"Coal black Rose."

She's my myrtle, my geranium,
My sunflower, my sweet majoram,
My honeysuckle, my tulip, my violet
My holyhock, my dahlia my mignonette.
Oh, oh, she's a fickle wild rose,
A damask, a cabbage, a china rose.

We've grown up together like young apple trees,
And clung to each other like double sweet peas,
Now they're going to trim her, and plant her in a pot,
And I am left to wither, neglected, and forgot.
Oh, oh, &c.

ENCORE VERSES.

She's my snow drop, my ranunculus,
My hyacinth, my gilliflower, my polyanthus,
My heart's ease, my pink, my water lily,
My buttercup, my daisy, my daffy down dilly.
Oh, oh, she's a fickle wild rose,
What a fool I am to love you, you fickle wild rose.

I'm like a scarlet runner, that has lost its stick,
Or a cherry that's left for the dicky birds to pick.
Like a watering pot I weep, like a pavior I sigh,
Like a mushroom I'll wither, like a cucumber I'll die.
Oh, oh, &c.

ADDITIONAL 'ENCORE VERSES.

I'm like a bumble-bee that doesn't know where to settle,
And she's a dandelion, and a stinging nettle—
My heart's like a beet root, choked with chic-weed,
And my head's like a pumpkin running to seed.
Oh, oh, &c.

I've a great mind to make myself a *felo ds se*,
And finish all my woes on the branch of a tree—
But I won't, for I know at my kicking you'd roar,
And honour my death with a *double encure*.
Oh, oh! who would suppose,
That I suffer so much for a fickle wild rose.

(6)

—Madame Galochard. (*Calls without*) Monsieur Galochard!
Monsieur Galochard!

Gal. (*Starting*.) She comes. Now for a bit of domestic
tragedy!

—Mad. G. (*Entering from house, and searching for letter.*) 'Tis
very strange—what could I have done with the letter? [*Galochard
advances with folded arms.*] Ah, Galochard! have you
found a letter?

Gal. (*Prattending indifference.*) A letter! What letter?—

Aside—striking his head and stomach.] Down busy devil down ! Keep quiet you fool—keep quiet ! Put a cucumber frame on your indignation, and shut up the flues ! [*With great calmness.*] What letter, dearest ?

—*Mad. G.* No matter—I have lost one. Have you found it ?

Gal. (*After a struggle—Aside.*) Nature's fire won't be smothered : I must flare up ! [*With concentrated force.*] I have madam—I have !

—*Mad. G.* Ah ! [*Quickly.*] You did not read it ?

Gal. Look in my face—behold its inexpressible expression ! Have I read it ? [*Taking her by the arm.*] Ah, you tremble !—you wink your eyes—you hang down your head—you wiggle, waggle to and fro ! You dare not meet the thunder and lightning glance of an injured gardener ! [*With suppressed fury.*] I have read it, madam ! and what's more, I've *spelt* it. 'Idol of my soul ! my dearest Louise, I adore you !' Those tender fermenting words are dibbled into my heart like young brocoli plants in a hot bed ! For shame ! for shame ! Sink into the earth—go clean through the world ! come out on the other side—tumble from the sky, and drowned in the sea ! The king, madam—the king ! [*Walks about in a fury.*]

—*Mad. G.* Well, sir, what then ?

Gal. What then ? She glories in her *topsy turvitude* ! I'm a petrification ! a marb'le Venus !

—*Mad. G.* (*Walking up to him—he retires.*) How dare you read a letter of mine, sir ? How dare you give yourself these airs ? How dare you treat me thus ? *me*, your true and lawful wife ? Don't answer me, sir ! it's my turn to speak. Your unfeeling—your disgraceful conduct has driven me to desperation ! I confess all. The king *has* written to me—he does love me. I could (if I pleased) go this moment to court, and live in splendour—I could have houses, horses, carriages, fine clothes, jewels and servants—yes, sir,—Servants, footmen, coachmen, grooms, and gardeners ! Yes, sir—do you hear me ? Gardeners, sir ! I could have all these, and you, sir, would not dare to speak to me without taking off your hat, and trembling for your life ! [*Gallochard takes off his hat, and appears overcome with alarm.*] Presume to lecture me ?—it's high treason ! Take care of your head, little man—take care of your head ! [*Crosses to R. & L. H.*]

Gal. Oh, oh ! ha, ha ! [*Puts on his hat, and takes it off hastily.*] I'm a victim of political economy ! I'm a sacrificed lamb !

—*Mad. G.* How dare you neglect me, and make love to other

women? How dare you expose me to temptations? If you had behaved yourself properly I should never have thought of kings or anybody!

Gal. (Aside.) She's right! she's right! Example!—oh, example! [*Striking his head, and stomach.*] Why, is it so pleasant to do wrong?

—*Mad. G. (Crying)* How could you treat me so?

Gal. (Crying) I'll never do so any more! [*Going down on his knees.*] Forgive me—pray forgive me! don't think of that royal king chap—I love you a great deal more than he does. I do, Louise—I do. You are my own little wife—my freehold—my heart—my life! I am the oak—you are the ivy; twine round me and let us live and die together! [*They embrace.*]

—*Mad. G.* And you really love me?

Gal. Love you?—oh, oh! ha, ha! if I didn't I should deserve to be smothered! Love you?—oh, Louise!—but what's to be done about the king? Ah, I'll run away with you—I'll smuggle you out in my market cart, covered up with carrots and turnips. I'd defy him to discover you under three feet of vegetables!

—*Mad. G.* You'll never make me unhappy again?

Gal. Never—never! I'll be as constant as a grape vine.— [*Looking off C. gates.*] Eh? here comes that rascally footman who brought you the king's *clandestine* letter. Retire a moment dearest, and let me give him his answer. [*Madame Galochard unlocks summer house, and goes in.*] Now for a striking point of history! [*Goes into the house.*]

Enter FLICFLAC, through C. gates.

Flicflac. The gardener's wife ought to be on the watch for me. Where is she I wonder? The king wants his answer.

Gal. (At the door—Aside.) He shall have it, young parsley and butter, on a stamped receipt! [*Shaking a large stick.*]

Flic. I don't like to go to the house for fear of meeting the husband—I'm told he's a hard fisted, surly brute!

Gal. (Aside—shaking stick.) You shall be sure presently.

Flic. I'll make a signal to draw her out. [*Whistles—Galochard answers.*] Eh? dear me, that's a good one for a woman! Hist, hist! Madame Galochard! Madame Galochard! [*Approaching door.*]

Gal. (Imitating a woman's voice.) Who's there? who's there?

Flic. I Francois Flicflac, the king's valet—I want an answer to that letter.

Gal. You shall have it. But will you be sure to give it to his majesty exactly as you receive it?

Flic. Certainly; whatever you give to me shall be faithfully delivered.

Gal. [*Rushing out, and beating him with a stick.*] Then give him this!

Flic. Murder! murder! help—help! [*Runs off C. gates.*]

Gal. A rascal! I'll teach him to bring letters to my nursery. I'll show him how a gardener can take a joke. [*Benserade appears at gate wrapped up in a cloak*] Ah, who's that? A man muffled up in a cloak. Another king's messenger, perhaps. I'll observe him—he may want a little stick. [*Goes to summer house, and stands at the corner in the shade.*]

Ben. She's in that summer house, I must give her his majesty's letter.

Gal. Another postman! I'll give him a double knock [*Shaking stick.*]

Ben. Yes, not a moment is to be lost. [*Advancing to summer house—Galochard starts from his concealment, and stands before the door flourishing his stick.*]

Gal. Keep off, you poaching vagabond; give me your letter, or I'll beat you into apple fritters!

Ben. [*Aside.*] Galochard! Confusion! nothing but audacity can carry it. [*Pulling his hat over his eyes and speaking in a loud authoritative tone.*] Stand back, rascal, I am your king! [*Galochard starts back drops his stick, takes off his hat, and allows Benserade to enter the summer house.*]

Gal. The king! oh, heavens! oh, oh! ha, bah! [*At each exclamation, he makes a step forward and seems about to faint.*] My situation is awful! the king! eh? ho! bah! [*Suddenly recollecting.*] What am I doing here with my hands in my pockets when he is there? [*Pointing to summer house.*] I'll break the door open. [*Rushes up furiously and returns quietly.*] No, that would be high treason! it's the foolish custom here to hang people who intrude themselves into the king's presence without an invitation. [*Walking about in great agitation.*] What shall I do? what shall I do? [*Listens at door.*]

Enter DE BUSSY, centre gates.

Bus. My suspicions are now confirmed De la Valiere is here, concealed in that summer house—I must and will see her! [*Going to summer house—Galochard starts.*] Ha, a man! [*Seizing him.*] Who are you?

Gal. The king's head nursery man!

Bus. Psba! stand aside and let me pass.

Gal. What are you one of her lovers?

Bus. Yes, yes—let me pass—let me pass!

Gal. No, you are too late—another chap is there.

Bus. Ah! [*Galochard takes him mysteriously to the front.*]

Gal. The king ! [*Explaining with despairing action that the King is in the summer house.*]

Bus. I am the most unfortunate of men !

Gal. No, I'm worse—a great deal worse !

Bus. [*Walking about in great agitation.*] What's to be done ? heaven and earth ! what's to be done ?

Gal. [*Walking the other way*] Ah, what indeed ? down there and Tommy ! Oh, oh !

Bus. Perfidious woman, to slight a love so pure !

Gal. Yes, yes, yes—so pure and unadulterated !

Bus. Oh, ambition ! for that she has sacrificed love, reputation, everything.

Gal. Yes, yes—everything and more—a great deal more.

Bus. For the vain pleasure of eclipsing her rivals.

Gal. Nothing else—nothing else—she wanted to be a comet !

Bus. To prefer false vows to sincere affection—to fly from domestic happiness to splendid misery.

Gal. [*Crying.*] Yes, yes, yes !

Bus. Oh, Louise, Louise !

Gal. [*Crying bitterly and shaking De Bussy's hand.*] Yes, yes—don't cry—don't be cast down—bear your misfortunes like a man ! we are—we are—[*With concentrated force.*]—very ill-used individuals !

Bus. I know I am ! I would have married her.

Gal. [*Astonished.*] Marry my wife ! well, that's cool—marry Madame Galochard !

Bus. Your wife—Louise !

Gal. Yes, Louise my wife. How dare you make love to her ? [*Flourishing stick.*] Be off, or I'll lop off some of your branches.

Bus. Stay, stay—you are in error—the person I alluded to is not your wife, but Mademoiselle Louise de la Valliere, who is concealed in that summer house !

Gal. Not Madame Galochard ! oh, oh ! ha, ha ! then perhaps the other gentleman—eh ?

Bus. [*Shaking his head.*] Alas ! Alas I fear it is too true.

Gal. [*Bursting into an extravagant fit of joy.*] Ha, ha, ha ! I'm alive again ! my happiness is not " Nipped in the bud ! " [*Dancing.*] I'm in blossom ! I'm shooting ! [*To Bussy.*] Never mind, old chap—don't be cast down—these little accidents will happen in the best regulated families. Imitate me—be a philosopher—take it coolly. [*Laughs wildly.*] Louise—my Louise is not a wild rose. [*Door of summer house opens.*] See, see—he's coming—take off your hat. [*Benserade enters from summer house.*] Monsieur Benserade !

Ben. Even so ; presuming on your well-known loyalty, I assumed his majesty's title to gain admittance to the presence

of a lady, in whose welfare I take an especial interest, Mademoiselle de la Valliere.

Gal. You are quite welcome. [*Going to door and calling*]
Louise—dear Louise! not you—the other—my snoodrop.
 — [*Enter Madame Golochard from summer house.*] Come to my
 arms, you dear little devil! live in my heart and never be
 transplanted! [*They go up, embracing*]

Ben. De Bussy, I am sorry to see you here—your suit is
 hopeless. Mademoiselle de la Valliere has determined on re-
 turning to the palace.

Enter LOUISE DE LA VALLIERE from summer house.

Lou. Hold, sir, I have made no promise. [*Crossing to De
 Bussy.*] If the Chevalier de Bussy will conduct me to my
 friends, I will bid adieu to the court for ever!

Bus. Command me to the death! [*To Benserade.*] Your
 friendly intercession has failed. G, base; ander, to a baser
 monarch, and tell him, he, like yourself, is laughed at and
 despised!

Gal. That's rather personal, eh, Monsieur Benserade—how
 do you like it? Of course you will report the compliment to
 the king—[*Exit Benserade centre gates.*]—'twill be a pleasing
 addition to the trifle I sent him. Now all my troubles are
 over, henceforth I shall be a pattern for husbands in general,
 and gardeners in particular. I'll weed out my errors, prune
 my straggling branches, shake off my yellow leaves, cultivate
 my virtues, and become a *Horticultural prodigy*. [*To Audience.*]
 You who have seen how I have been spaded, hoed, and raked,
 take pity on my sufferings—warm me with the sunshine of
 your favour—refresh me with pleasant showers, then the hap-
 piness of the King's Gardener will be complete, and all his
 troubles will be Nipped in the Bud."

FINALE. Air—"Duke of Darmstadt's Waltz."

Golochard. No more, with jealous fears oppress'd,
 I'll be a married lover—

With my Louise supremely blest,
 I'll pass my days in clover.

Chorus—No more, &c.

— *Mad. G.* Yes, we will live with hearts as light,
 As thistle down that floats on air—
 No jealous fears our bliss shall blight,
 For love will banish every care.

Chorus—No more, &c.

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